

Hope Fails

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Category: Evangelion

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-01 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-01 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:08:13

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 660

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It's not easy trying to boost morale amongst the Children...

Hope Fails

The pilots were gathered in a nearby room. Outside, two very distinctive-looking men conferred rather heatedly.

>
The man with the hooked nose was particularly heated, despite his obvious old age. "Look, I'm used to doing shows for servicemen, but this is just a handful of kids! What's the deal here? This was supposed to be a morale-booster for..."

>
"...the defenders of Tokyo-3, that's right." Gendo Ikari's voice was considerably calmer as he pushed his glasses back up on his nose. "I have news for you... those Children," and one could *hear* the capitalization of the word 'Children,' "*are* the defenders of Tokyo-3."

>
The hook-nosed man peered into the room. "Holy shit... you've got to be kidding me." The serious expression on Ikari's face as he shook his head spoke otherwise. "Damn. No wonder you need to boost morale. But why me? I haven't done this sort of thing in years. Not since the Second Impact. Hell, not much since 'Nam, really."

>
"Frankly, from what I understand, you haven't been all that funny since Guadalcanal. But it would be something new to Them, and it might be amusing for Them to hear. Besides, you're one of the few comics to have survived Second Impact, even if you haven't performed since then."

>
"I turned 100 when Second Impact occurred, and you expect me to keep performing after that? George Burns was right - once you get to 100, you've got it made, 'cause very few people die older than 100. So here I am, but I don't know if they'll find me funny. Would they get Pokemon jokes?"

>
Gendo had ignored the man's last question in favor of musing over his age. "Exactly one hundred years to the day before Second Impact?"

>
The man nodded. "But you're not getting me into one of those

things, except as a gag. Do any of them wanna do some kind of skit with me in those mechanical puppets or something? That Misato chick you intorduced me to seems pretty game..."

>
"Lieutenant Katsuragi cannot operate the EVAs from within, and even if my theory is correct (however remote a possibility that may be), it's a rather complicated machine..."

>
"...and too expensive to use as a joke, I know. Had the same problem trying to record a sketch onboard a B2 back in Desert Storm. I'm used to it.

>
"But I gotta tell ya, I'm also used to performing before big crowds. This is a little, uh, different..."

>
Gendo Ikari almost smiled. "A crowd you want? That can be arranged..."

>

>
Kaji tried to smile at the group of pilots, but it was rather a strech. "Sorry about the delay... and now, allow me to introduce to you... Mr. Bob Hope!"

>
Yep, the man with the ski-jump nose bounded as best he could onto the stage, and stared out at the assembled crowd. "Thank you, thank you. Listen, I've done this sort of thing for the boys in uniform many a time..." and for a moment he paused as he sized this crowd up, "...but haven't you folks taken the uniform bit a little too far here?"

>
Dead silence. Rei Ayanamis don't laugh, after all.

>
This was gonna be a long show...

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>
Dear Kami, what business have I got writing an Eva fic? I've never *seen* the damn show (and Konatsu doesn't want me buying the tapes) All I know is from fanfiction, which has been darn short on humor. Hey, I thought if people go against type and write so many Ranma darkfics, why aren't there more Eva spoofs? And in keeping with the FFML dictum of "don't complain, write one yourself,' here it is, for what it's worth.

>
I think I'm better off chasing after Andrew Huang or Jim Lazar, personally...

>
Itsu mo,

>Ucchan ^_^; ;

End
file.